But they float!

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But they float! by Bring_popcorn

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Summary:

Even monsters get sick. When Pennywise catches Demon flu (an illness that is completely real and I didn't come up with it just to write this trash) his hunt goes terribly wrong.

But they float!

Author's Note:

It’s short and not serious at all.

The sewers didn’t smell like they always did. Probably because they didn’t smell of anything. All the blood and decomposing corpses just didn’t smell to Pennywise the Dancing Clown. Every time he tried to inhale he just ended coughing and with a disgusting sensation in his nose. Also some weird green stuff came out every time his nose tickled and he sneezed, even if he didn’t care he was almost sure that no child in Derry would take him serious if he kept making those stupid faces whenever he felt his nose funny.

He blew his nose in one of his outfit’s sleeves and decided to get out of his home to get a snack. Suddenly he felt something awkward in his limbs. They felt heavy and weak. How could that be happening to him?

The clown’s head also hurt, in the sewer’s water he could see his reflection and tell his yellow eyes were glassy.

He was *sick*. And he didn’t like it at all. However, he was still hungry and wouldn’t let a fucking cold or flu or whatever it was stop him from slaying a poor child. He’s a hungry monster and no illness could change that.

He’d heard about Demon Flu before though he hadn’t gotten sick before. He would recover in a day or two. Or so he hoped

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You were home alone that night. Your parents were out having a romantic dinner or just doing some stuff they didn’t want to share with you. And you were getting really, really *bored*.

‘Why can’t I have fun?’ you thought miserably as you changed channels randomly on your tv.

You suddenly hear your bedroom’s door squeak and the lights turn

on without anyone being inside the room.

”What the fuck?”you mumble

“(Y/N)” a deep and raspy voice says

At this point you were scared but you decided to take a look inside your room just to know what the hell was going on.

When you enter everything looks normal, your toys, your books and all of your stuff is as you left it. But the window is open.

”Hello?” you call

you still can hear the tv on the living room but now it sounds like children half singing half screaming. The music goes louder the more you approach to the window.

“You’ll float too!” Someone or something grabs you from behind and then crashes you against the wall

It really hurt but you could care less about it when you saw the tall and monstrous orange haired clown with several rows of sharp teeth growling above you.

”Help! HELP!” you shrieked as the clown laughed creepily and opened his mouth as if he was going to tear your head off your body.

You were almost fainting when your heard some ridiculous coughing. You stopped screaming but stayed still and started to think this was some kind of joke.

When the clown regained composure he stared at you with his scary yellow eyes and started growling again.

“Yes, I’m going to feast with your flesh and your fear will feed me” he snarled as his giant hand pressed your neck causing you to gasp for air

You tried to kick him or push him but he was much more stronger than you and your efforts were useless. A tear rolled down your cheek as you waited for the pain of your death, but then

“ACHOOOO...!” the clown sneezed violently causing him to drop you

His eyes looked in two different directions and his sharp teeth were replaced by two big frontal teeth that made him look like a squirrel with a big forehead. You couldn’t help but laugh.

Pennywise was shocked. How did this insignificant human child dare laugh at him? He was the curse of Derry and *nobody laughed at him!*

“I’m goind to mdake you sudffer a lotd!” the clown threatened but you weren’t scared anymore, his voice sounded fucking dumb

You broke out in laughter as the monster rubbed his nose against his sleeve. You took the chance to take your baseball bat and hit him in that big ass forehead of his.

“Ow!” now it was him who was scared

”Get out of my room, you fake Ronald McDonald!” you yelled as you kept hitting him with the bat

“Ow! Don’t you... ow! Want a balloon?” Pennywise tried fruitlessly

“No! Get your ass out of my house!” Now you were angry

“But they float” he said before starting coughing again

”So?” finally you smacked him with the bat once more and he was so scared and sore that he jumped out of your window.

He hurried to get away of your house and you sticked your tongue out at him as he ran away as a frightened chicken.

‘Well, I’m not bored anymore’ you thought

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Poor Pennywise. He was in the sewers again pressing a package of ice against his sore head. Hungry, alone and sad. Just him and his flu.

How that kid laughed at him. That hurt.

“But they flooat! How can anybody resist that?” He almost

whimpered

He sneezed and accidentally hit his head again.

Author's Note:

> English is not my first language, but I hope this is ok.
> Thank you for reading :)